

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Kingdom Hearts
Relationship:	Demyx/Xemnas
Character:	Demyx , Xemnas
Stats:	Published: 2012-06-03 Words: 900

Trouble Seeker

by [Dreamweaving](#)

Summary

Demyx never thought he'd stumble into trouble with the Superior himself. He also never thought he'd want to. Xemnas/Demyx.

Notes

"If you press me to say why I loved him, I can say no more than because he was he, and I was I."--Michel de Montaigne

Demyx had a tendency towards landing in trouble. He didn't go looking for it. In all honesty he'd be happy to lead a life completely devoid of troubles. But it had a way of finding him. Usually when he least expected it and in strange forms.

He tried to stay out of the way. All he wanted was a quiet place to play his sitar. And maybe someone to appreciate his talents. The sitar was a rather under appreciated instrument as it was, he felt. It could be a bit depressing.

Of course the reason he found himself in so much trouble all the time was because he slacked off. It wasn't really that he was lazy. He just had trouble focusing properly on something that he didn't find interesting. And the missions were so dull.

He was used to being scolded by Saix. Or tracked down and dragged back by Xigbar. He was used to the other members sneering at him. Calling him lazy or a burden or stupid. Demyx wasn't stupid. It was a common misconception. But he just let them think that. It suited him just fine.

He wasn't highly intelligent like some of the others, but he wasn't a moron. He just knew how to fly

under the radar. If people didn't take him seriously, they didn't think he was worth their time, other than the time it took to push him into doing his missions.

So far it had worked. Well. At least it had worked *before*. Up until the point when Demyx became aware that he was no longer alone. He turned his head to see who was there, because whoever it was they didn't seem to be interrupting his playing to yell at him for shirking his missions.

He almost fell from his seat on the banister. It would have been a long fall. A lethal one. His sitar slid off his lap and hit the stairs, bouncing down a few and causing Demyx to wince. But at least both his hands were still firmly gripping the banister and he wasn't tumbling to the ground far below.

Sea green eyes raised, filled with alarm, from the ground to meet the calm orange eyes of the Superior himself.

"Uhh... hey."

He winced again as the greeting slipped out. That was totally not how someone like him should address the Superior. He opened his mouth to correct himself, but Xemnas was ignoring him, bending to pick up the fallen sitar which had landed at his feet. The words forming on Demyx's lips quickly died as the Superior lifted the sitar carefully, holding it out.

Demyx realized he was expected to take it, but Xemnas scared him a bit in all honesty. And he was frozen to the spot, staring down at the instrument.

"Take it, IX." The Superior commanded, tiring of holding it.

The man's voice was deep and smooth and sent a weird little chill down the nocturne's spine, but he reached out and seized the sitar. To his surprise as he did, Xemnas' free hand moved to grasp his wrist. Demyx gasped, eyes flickering back up to meet Xemnas'.

"I hear you have been giving VII trouble. He says you refuse to do as you are instructed. Is this true IX?"

For just a moment, Demyx was like a deer caught in the headlights. Frozen. For it to reach the Superior himself. For him to take the time to find Demyx and mention it to him. This was surely the end. He was going to be terminated. And in the Organization that phrase wasn't just used to describe being fired.

"I..."

He still hadn't quite gotten past the initial shock and fear when Xemnas was suddenly moving in closer. Demyx shifted back, startled. He felt the world give way beneath him as he slipped from his perch. He thought for sure that was it. He squeezed his eyes shut, braced himself for impact. But instead of the sensation of falling and the pain of crashing into the ground so far below...

Instead he felt the strong hand still around his wrist pulling him forward. He stumbled forward and into a sturdy, surprisingly warm chest. Another hand pressed reassuringly against the small of his back for a moment, steadying him. He opened his eyes and his breath caught in his throat as he found himself staring in awe into Xemnas' face.

He could feel the other man's breath tickling his lips. He was so close that if one of them just shifted that last bit-

For just a second it seemed Xemnas was going to do just that. And then the moment passed as Xemnas stepped backwards, releasing his hold on Demyx. The nocturne was grateful as he sharply released his breath, suddenly aware he'd been holding it.

"I expect your performance to improve." Xemnas stated, turning. "Or there will be punishment."

Demyx stood there, watching Xemnas go. If Xemnas had wanted him dead for his disobedience, it would have been a simple thing to just let Demyx fall...

Demyx swallowed hard, mind on the memory of strong hands and luminous orange eyes. Such thoughts that were crossing his mind. Thoughts of how those lips would have felt against his own... It was surely the most trouble he could possibly find. But for once in his life, maybe Demyx wanted to find trouble.

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